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NOTES AND FRAGMENTS.

TEXAS, FOUR MILES FROM HEADQUARTERS.

April 10, 1836.

DEAR PARENTS:—Since I last wrote you I have been engaged in arranging an expedition against the Indians, who have committed many depredations against the frontier. On my return to the settlements, I learned that our country was again invaded by a merciless horde of Mexicans, who were waging a war of extermination against the inhabitants. A call was made for all friends of humanity to rise in arms and resist the foe. Men were panic stricken and fled, leaving their all behind them. I could not reconcile it to my feelings to leave Texas without an effort to save it. Accordingly, I bent my course for the army and arrived last evening at this place. I shall enter camp this morning as a volunteer. The army, commanded by General Houston, is lying on the west side of the Brazos, 20 miles from San Fillippe. The enemy is at that place waiting an attack. It is reported Houston will attack them in the morning. What will be the result, or the fate of Texas is hid in the bowels of futurity. Yet, I think we are engaged in the cause of justice, and hope the God of battles will protect us. The enemy's course has been the most bloody that has ever been recorded on the page of history. Our garrison at San Antonio was taken and massacred; so another detachment of seven hundred, commanded by Col. Fanning, and posted at La Bahia, after surrendering prisoners of war, were led out and shot down like bears. Only one escaped to tell their melancholy fate. In their course they show no quarter to age, sex, or condition, all are massacred without mercy. If such conduct is not sufficient to arouse the patriotic feelings of the sons of liberty, I know not what will. I was born in a land of freedom, and taught to lisp the name of liberty with my infant tongue, and rather than be driven out of the country or submit to be a slave, I will leave my bones to bleach on the plains of Texas. If we succeed in subduing the enemy and establishing a free and independent government, we will have the finest country the sun ever

shone upon, and if we fail we shall have the satisfaction of dying fighting for the rights of man. I know not that I shall have an opportunity of writing to you for some time, but shall do so as often as is convenient. Be not alarmed about my safety. I am no better, and my life no dearer than those who gained the liberty you enjoy. If I fail you will have the satisfaction that your son died fighting for the rights of man. Our strength in the field is about 1500. The enemy is reported 4000 strong; a fearful odds you will say; but what can mercenary hirelings do against the sons of liberty?

Before this reaches you the fate of Texas will be known. I will endeavor to acquaint you as soon as possible. I am well and in good spirits and as unconcerned as if going to a raising. The same Being who has hitherto protected my life can with equal ease ward off the balls of the enemy. My company is waiting, and I must draw to a close, and bid you farewell, perhaps forever. More than a year has elapsed since I saw you, yet, the thought of friends and home are fresh in my memory, and their remembrance yet lives in my affections and will light a secret joy to my heart till it shall cease to beat. Long has it been since I have heard from you. How often do I think of home and wish to be there. The thought of that sacred spot haunts my night-watches. How, often when sleep has taken possession of my faculties, am I transported there, and for a short time enjoy all the pleasures of home; but the delusion is soon over, and the morning returns and I find my situation the same. Dear friends, if I see you no more, remember Giles still loves you. Give my love to my sisters, brothers, friends and neighbors. I would write more if time would permit, but its fleeing steps wait for none. You need not write to me as I do not know where I shall be. With sentiments of sincere respect I bid you farewell. Your Affectionate son,

G. A. GIDDINGS.

AFFAIRS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

The memorial page in this issue serves as a reminder not only that another Texas veteran is gone, but also that the Republic of Texas will soon have passed beyond the memory of any living man. Ex-Governor Lubbock, who was in his ninetieth year when he died, was barely thirty when Texas became a State of the Union. It was, of course, but natural that he should take a special interest in the history of whose making he had seen so much. For seven years he was one of the vice presidents of the Association, and he was rarely absent from its meetings.

Ex-Governor Lubbock was a man of most exalted character, which was evident in all his conduct, both public and private. It is hoped that a suitable appreciation of him will be prepared ere long for publication in THE QUARTERLY.